

# Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



"I WANT TO BE A LOGICAL LEADER, TOO!"



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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

### CONCERNING TWO EX-PRESIDENTS.

THERE IS no simpler way to contrast the personalities of two public men than to note their behavior under the severe test of political defeat. In a measure, of course, the vitality of a man's political creed influences this behavior, but the light of his personal character always projects itself distinctly through the fog of political controversy. Defeated for the Presidency in 1888, Grover Cleveland remained the leader of his party by a sequence as natural as the one that gives the contents of a cube. He was not only the best embodiment of the spirit of Democratic reform, but he infused new vitality into that spirit when it seemed crushed by defeat. In spite of disaffection in his own party he maintained this leadership through four years of political eclipse, and he led the party to victory by sheer force of his personal character.

Benjamin Harrison has evidently studied the career of his successor with laudable aims of emulation. Thus far, however, he seems to have grasped only the bare fact of Mr. Cleveland's supremacy in his party, without giving the least bit of his mind to the causes thereof. His ideal of a party leader seems to be a man who can talk pleasantly through his hat upon the slightest provocation. He ought to have discovered by this time that the American public is quick to resent this fashion of oratory, and that the man he is striving to imitate achieved distinction, not by what he said but by what he was and is. A fine example of Mr. Harrison's improper use of his hat is found in his letter to the Convention of Republican League Clubs, wherein he felt that he "might add, without transgressing the proprieties, that there is nothing in the present business situation to suggest any great gain to the country as the result of the inauguration of Democratic politics." This was intended to be a masterly bit of sarcastic invective, such as a great man might utter without loss of dignity. In reality, however, it showed the low estimation in which Mr. Harrison holds the "proprieties"; and his sad lack of shrewdness in thinking he could reflect credit upon himself by referring to the efforts of a Democratic administration to cure the more obvious evils of Republican misrule. At Cape May on July 4th, Mr. Harrison declared himself in favor of "a system of government that does not discriminate in favor of

Capital; that makes the dollar of the laboring man as good as the dollar of the millionaire." This boldly original utterance, coming from the man who signed the President's name to a tariff bill sired by Capital out of Political Corruption, is hardly impressive, except as a unique specimen of twaddle. Mr. Harrison has also at various times made remarks about the Sherman law. We glean from these: that the Sherman law is not such a bad law, after all, but it ought to be repealed right away; that it is a very bad law, but he sees no chance for its repeal; that it is n't really a law, but a strange sort of thing called a "makeshift" which saved him from declaring for or against free silver. If there is an element in the Republican party that has any further use for Mr. Harrison, the men composing it should warn him that the jaws of Oblivion are yawning for him. It is only a step from such talk to the intense privacy of poultry culture.

### CONCERNING COLORADO'S RESOURCES.

As one of the silver producing states, Colorado is just now paying the penalty, in common with the rest of the country, of the attempt to maintain the price of silver against the inexorable law of supply and demand. While the whole state must suffer to some extent from the inevitable reaction, there is not the least promise of the general panic which silver-miners are so frantically predicting. The Colorado ranchman, who raises alfalfa or breeds blooded stock, will view with considerable equanimity a reduction in the revenues of men like David H. Moffat and James J. Hagerman. He is beginning to wonder why mining should pay a greater percentage of profit than his own business. There has been a great deal of talk about silver mines being operated at a loss, but the fact remains that the silver agitators of Colorado and the other so-called silver states are men who have made enormous fortunes out of silver on a very slender capital. It is quite natural that they should fight any measure tending to make mining an ordinary business venture promising only a fair profit. Silver mining has long been regarded as the chief industry of Colorado, and this impression has retarded the development of its other vast resources. Already its agricultural products exceed in value its mineral output. It raises some of the finest wheat and small fruit in the world; and its rich deposits of coal and iron must some day make it a manufacturing state to rival Pennsylvania. The silver men are doing the state a great injustice in their sensational attempts to induce a panic. What the frenzied silver orator refers to as "the foul conspiracy against silver" will prove a boon to the state for two reasons: it will direct attention to and stimulate the development of the manifold resources of the state; and it will cause silver itself to be mined more economically. The Colorado cattle-grower, some years ago, found that range cattle were no longer profitable. He accordingly decreased the size of his herd, improved its breed and fed his stock in Winter instead of allowing it to freeze or starve on the range. A similar change must mark the methods of the silver miner. With the fictitious value taken off his product he will be forced to mine his ore by more economical methods, and he will have to perfect his smelting processes so that he can use a large part of the ore that now goes on the dump. His hardest lesson will be to learn to content himself with legitimate profits. Colorado might study the industrial history of California to advantage, for the day is coming when she will depend as little on the precious metals as California does.

### A DISAPPOINTMENT.

"HAVE you been up to see the New Yorks play ball?"  
"Well, I went up to the grounds, but I did n't see them play ball."  
"Rain?"  
"No. They did n't seem to know the game."

### CONVENIENT.

VISITOR (at World's Fair, recovering from faint).—Where am I?  
ATTENDANT.—The bureau of information is at your right, Madam.

IT IS N'T so good to be a record breaker, as Mr. Peck well knows.

LOVERS WHO marry under the rose are likely to walk thereafter over the thorns.

LIFE, STRANGE to say, is never a desert drear to him who has plenty of sand.

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### A VALUABLE POINTER.

LANDLADY (pleasantly).—You have grown much stouter since you came to board with me, Mr. DuBois.  
DuBois.—Yes; your son told me of a splendid place to eat.



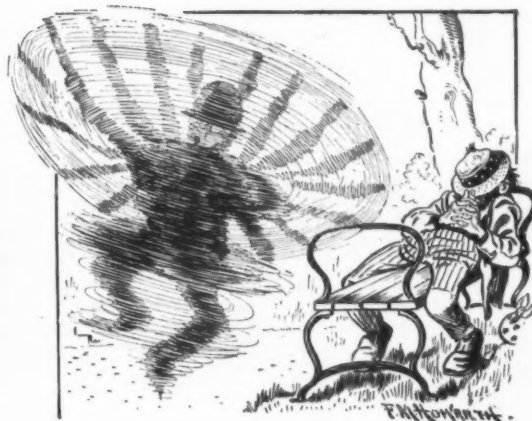
# AN AWAKENING THAT FAILED.



OFFICER O'MARA. — Coom! Out av this, now!



"Phat! Yez will not? Jist wait till Oi git a good shwing to me cloob."



(But just then Wandering Willy's feet slid from their perch.)

## THE BEGINNING.



AND IT came to pass that a certain woman had divers beauties of person.

But it chanced, also, that those beauties were of such a nature that they were hidden by the manner of garb that was commonly worn.

And the woman spake, saying:

"Woe is me, that I must be scoffed at unjustly as one devoid of graces!"

Her days were full of lamentation and her nights were sleepless with mourning.

And there came to this woman a vision. In this vision she saw herself arrayed in a strange fashion. Yet attired was she in a way that displayed her loveliness.

Then rose she rejoicing.

And she clothed herself after the manner of the vision and was exceeding glad.

In the end she spake again, saying:

"Behold! I am a dress reformer."

And in her day and time many women got on to her scheme, and the land was full of dress reformers.

## CAUSE AND EFFECT.

"Poor Papa!" said Ethel. "He has a dreadful cold."

"Must have caught it while sitting by himself," said Chappie, who knew how frigid the old gentleman could be when he tried.

## TOO EXPENSIVE.

KEEDICK. — Shirts cost fifty dollars each when Queen Elizabeth was alive.

GASKETT. — Gracious! I'm glad she died.



## RURAL CONVENIENCES.

WES. TURNER. — Cyclone pit?

JERRY Z. ITE. — No. 'Skeeter cellar.

## A WISE PARSON.

MRS. WESLEY CROSSCUT. — You're surely not going to be away Wednesday night! Don't you remember that is the date Deacon Bunce has set for our pound party?

REV. WESLEY CROSSCUT (*firmly*). — I do, my dear; but I prefer the ounce of prevention.

## A PROBLEM.

"Papa, when we raise a flag to the top of a pole it means we are glad, does n't it?"

"Yes."

"And what does it mean when the flag is half-way up?"

"That somebody is dead."

"And that means we are only half glad?"



## A SURE CURE.

MR. NABOR (*to his wife*). — My dear, Mr. Crosslots wants to borrow one of the twins.

MRS. NABOR (*in horror*). — Why! what does the man mean?

SMALL GIRL (*at the door*). — Yes 'm; Pa's got the insomnier, and he says please lend him the one that cries all night; he wants to walk it awhile.

## WANTED — SOMETHING NEW.

WOODBRY BOOTH (*who has just received an ovation of antiquated eggs*). — That was a good joke, my friends; but it was awfully old.

## MIGHT BE MISCONSTRUED.

MRS. YOUNGLOVE. — You ought not to be so annoyed with the little darling; I'm sure, you cried just as much at his age.

YOUNGLOVE. — My dear, let me caution you, for your own sake, never to make that remark in the presence of visitors.

## JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE.

BELLE. — And to think that Desdemona was murdered on account of a handkerchief!

JACK. — So? Did she use musk or patchouly?

A WOMAN WILL forgive a man anything except his failure to ask to be forgiven.

BEFORE LENDING a pocket-knife it is always a good idea to rap the ten-cent pieces out of the handle.

THE STYLE of house that will accommodate two families at the same time has yet to be invented.

A LOGICIAN IS a man who can figure out to his own satisfaction that two and two make five.



BY H. L. WILSON.

## A PAN-AMERICAN ROMANCE.

## I.

"OLD MAN, she's a typical Spanish beauty, just as you read of in the old time romances, only she does n't seem to have an argus-eyed Duenna to stand jealous guard over her charms, and repulse too bold masculinity. It's an omission, though, that I'm quite willing to overlook. Did you ever see such eyes? Dark as midnight, and yet they're limpid and always sparkling, and have such strange gleams in their depths! You should see her when she lets her lids fall upon those peachy cheeks of hers and then raises them quickly!"—and giving vent to an ecstatic grunt, incapable of orthographical treatment, the speaker energetically resumed his cigarette in enthusiastic consciousness of the futility of description. Ramsden was sanguine of temperament.



Crandall, addressed as "old man," had a tanned face, with high-lights of red, acquired in the occupation of cattle-raising. He lay at full length in a hammock, blew smoke rings up to the interlaced boughs of the pepper trees that sheltered the spot from the rays of the fervid south-western sun, and listened with amused and tolerant indolence to the aberrant eulogy of his friend.

"Yes; Anita is quite a beauty in her way," he conceded.

"Beauty! she's *divine*! Who'd ever thought of finding such perfection away off here in this wilderness? Why is it you have n't been conquered? She's so full of—of languorous warmth, and vitality—such fire in her eyes, such spirit—and, *say*, you should see her roll a cigarette—'cigaritos' she calls 'em. I tell you, old man, the hot-house beauties of the East, with their flimsy accomplishments, their conventional notions and artificial grace, can't begin to compare with this prairie rose; have n't got the soul that she has; she's so natural and unaffected,—been brought up next door to Nature, you might say." He further expounded, with a majestic overflow of superlatives, the respective merits of these two branches of floriculture, to the great disparagement of the former.

The particular hot-house beauty who instigated the comparison had bidden him a cold adieu in New York, two weeks before, and swept indignantly from the room with all the queenly and repellent hauteur compatible with a stature of five feet four. This on account of his perfectly justifiable criticism of her amiable treatment of other men, especially one Fred Dupont, a peculiarly odious fellow because of his good qualities and engaging manners. She had unreasonably refused to treat him with chilling reserve, because she had known him all her life;—a mere woman's reason. She had almost immediately returned to the room to demand further information upon some unimportant phase of the rupture—she really had not decided just what it would be, except that it would not bear upon the main issue directly,—and had found only a card announcing his immediate departure for "the end of the world,"—a geographic impossibility, but an alluring haven for disappointed lovers. She had wept profusely, with a nose-reddening effect, and said, very well, he might go to the end of the world if he liked. She was sure she did n't care.

He had compromised on Pecos, New Mexico, where his friend, Dick Crandall, owned a cattle ranch, and where he could wear out his blighted life comparatively unobserved. During the first few days of his visit, Crandall had listened dutifully to this gloomy victim of a woman's caprice; but noting a flagrant discrepancy between the sufferer's alleged state of mind and his constantly increasing appetite, he had, with the ready optimism of unsympathetic natures, come to regard the blight with cheerful resignation.

## II.

The steely-blue moonlight filtering down through an opening in the pepper trees, imparted a cemeterial hue to the whitewashed adobe *casa*, and whitened into steam from Crandall's cigarette.

It was eleven o'clock. Ramsden, who had just flung himself into a second hammock, was gazing up at the stars with that morbid astronomical fervor peculiar to his derangement.

"Dick, what charming voices these Spanish women have! Nothing sharp or explosive, but every syllable soft and sibilant, like—like—the

faint rustle of leaves, or murmuring brooks,—Nature's music,—or something of that sort,—so soothing, you know. You should have seen her wince when I called it 'San Jacinto' instead of 'San Hacinto.' She's going to teach me Spanish; easy language to learn, I judge; every time you come to 'j,' call it 'h.' What a picture she was to-night, with that black lace mantilla covering her head and shoulders, and the moonlight caressing her face!—I envied it."

"I suppose so. By the way, did you notice the contour of her upper lip, in its infrequent moments of repose?"

"No."

"Did n't that fullness about her neck strike you as being, well, a trifle mature, or rather material, you might say? She does n't impress you as being spirituelle, does she?"

"Had n't thought of it, but what if she is n't? She has vitality, I tell you. She has n't had *her* system enervated by heated ball rooms and late suppers, and all those wearing phases of society that are just so many cordial invitations to the party with the scythe." He refuted the suggestion about her upper lip with quiet dignity. He shrewdly suspected the animus of Crandall's criticism, and the suspicion pained him.

Crandall returned to the assault:

"You'll excuse the curiosity, my boy; but Señor Covello did n't try to negotiate a loan from you for a few days, did he?"

"No, he did n't. What a cynic you have grown, Dick! I never met a more courteous gentleman than Señor Covello. I understand his ancestors were Spanish grandees of high estate. I'm going to invest a few thousand with him in a little mining deal down in the Navajo district. He has a fine property there, he tells me; only needs a little development."

"Paid him something on account, I suppose?"

The answer came with cold precision: "I paid over to Señor Romero Covello one hundred dollars as an earnest of my good faith. He had another party ready to accept the offer if I did n't. I intend to look over his patent to-morrow, to make sure everything is all right."

"No doubt; but I think I can predict with reasonable certainty that the Don will be in no mood for business to-morrow. His mind invariably takes a light and sportive turn after the sale of an option on that mine; that is, where the cash payment is of such inspiring magnitude as yours."

Ramsden was inattentive. After a few moments he musingly queried of his cigarette: "Would n't she create a furore in New York, though?"

Crandall's expression indicated that he rather thought she would.

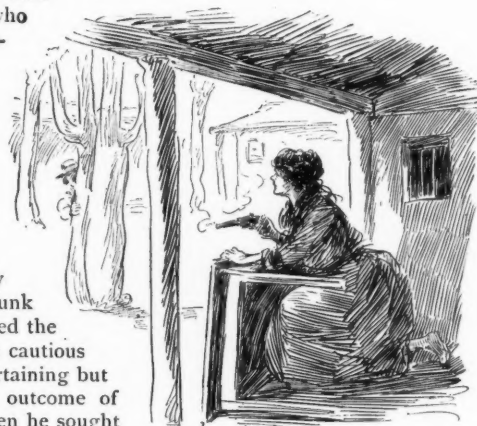
## III.

Late the next afternoon, Ramsden strode down the deserted street, arousing the dormant echos of the sleepy pueblo with a spirited rendition of the Picador's song from Carmen, the bold and vigorous harmony of which would have put a bull of ordinary ferocity to flight. Turning up the lane, toward what Don Romero ambitiously styled his *hacienda*, sounds of an altercation smote upon his ears. As he came in sight of the long, low adobe house, three shots were fired in rapid succession. The prairie rose, barricaded behind an overturned table, with a smoking revolver in her hand, was addressing, in her native language, but with obvious scorn, defiance and oburgation, the slightly exposed shoulders of one Señor Jamalquez, proprietor

of a local *pulqueria*, who had screened himself behind a *cereus giganteus*, and was now making discreet efforts to prolong the armistice. The red bloom of the rose's cheeks was accentuated, and there was a wild and sinister glare in her dusky eyes. Don Romero, compactly ensconced behind the trunk of a cottonwood, surveyed the scene with unsteady but cautious gravity, apparently entertaining but a mild interest in the outcome of events. Seeing Ramsden he sought the shelter of a tree near him. The cordiality of his greeting was somewhat constrained by the surveillance demanded by his daughter.

He grinned weakly: Would not the Señor accompany himself with their simple festivities,—that is, presently,—when the little one should have become somewhat less *an-i-ma*-ted?

The Señor emphatically would not; and, noting the intensity of his emphasis, Don Romero sagaciously abandoned a half-formed intention of







### EXTRA PRECAUTIONS.

VISITOR.—Great Scott! What are you putting all that chain and lock business on the stove for?

EDITOR.—Sam Mulberry paid his subscription this morning, and a bushel of June apples don't last forever unless you take care of 'em.

### "THE FIRST TIME I KISSED SARY."



THE FIRST TIME I kissed Sary — well, it sort o' seems to me

As if that happy incident took place just yesterday; An' though 't was fifty year ago, to this day I kin shet

My eyes an' think about it an' kin fairly taste it yet. I'd been her stiddy company fer purty nigh a year, I'd taken her to spellin' schools an' doin's fur an near—

But she — well, many fellers would 'a' said she was contrary,

An' I half thought so too until the first time I kissed Sary.

Lord knows how many girls I'd kissed! an' it was my idee When first we met I'd kiss her, too; but she said, "no sirree!" I'd never dreamed of such an independent Miss before, An' though she always had her way I loved her more and more. But finally, one Sunday night, somewhere along in June, As we was walkin' home from church an' lookin' at the moon, Its light a-restin' on her lips as red as any cherry, I asked her if she'd wed — an' then 's the first time I kissed Sary.

How years go skurryin' around! an' yet somehow to me It seems as though our love 's as young as what it used to be. Fer she an' me have steadfast been through sunshine an' through clouds, Her hands have fashioned baby clothes, an' weddin' gowns an' shrouds. But paths have all been pleasant in each other's sunny smile, Some dewy flower gladdens us on every dusty mile; An' of the many varied days I would n't alter nary A one that God has sent us since the first time I kissed Sary.

Nixon Waterman.

### THE INFINITESIMAL FRACTURE.

MR. SURPLICE.—Miss Lily, as your pastor, I really must reprimand you; I hear you go out with your kodak on Sunday.

MISS LILY.—Oh, yes, dear Mr. Surplice! but, then, you know, my kodak takes such teenie-weenie little pictures.

### BOBBIE'S DISCOVERY.

BOBBIE.—Last night when Mr. Wensdinyte was calling on sister Clara I went into the room suddenly.

HIS FATHER.—And what did you find out?

BOBBIE.—The gas.

THERE IS nothing more provoking than to find that we have been imposed upon by an imitation which we can't possibly tell from the genuine.

### A MODEL JUROR.

COUNSEL (to TALESMAN).—Have you any knowlege of anything in this world or the world to come?

TALESMAN.—I have not.

COUNSEL.—Do you know enough to come in out of the rain?

TALESMAN.—I do not.

COUNSEL.—If you were standing on a railroad track and an express train approached at a speed of ninety miles an hour, would you step out of the way?

TALESMAN.—I would not.

CHORUS OF LAWYERS.—Step right into the jury-box.

### A DOLEFUL OUTLOOK.

"I never expect's to have enough to eat again," said five-year-old Frances, dolefully.

"Why don't you?" sympathized Philip.

"'Cause I never did have enough but once, an' 'en it made me dreffle sick an' ze doctor says I mus' never eat so much again.

### EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

SHE (another's).—But it is n't right for you to say you love me; you must only think it.

HER SUMMER LOVER.—But I don't think it—I only say it.

### A BONANZA.

PARENT.—Now, what are you going to charge me to cure this boy of the measles?

PHYSICIAN.—Nothing at all, my dear sir, as it is an original case; and you get your ten per cent. commission for every child that catches them from him.



"TAKEN FROM THE NUDE."

THE STAINED-GLASS Christian is one who believes that there will be a heavenly mansion for himself and a heavenly hut for his poorer neighbor.

### THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

Though she pencils, paints and powders, and her gray hair bleaches yellow, The perennial ballet-dancer does not do it to deceive, But admits her ancient status, for I heard her tell a fellow, In the wings the other night, that she a daughter was of Eve.

John Ludlow.



### A GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

AGENT.—What! You want me to give you two free tickets to Chicago?

APPLICANT.—Yes; me an' Billy was readin' that there 's goin' to be an Injun day at the World's Fair; and we 'll never have no such chance again!

suggesting the propriety of a further advance on the mine of fabulous richness.

In addition to its other equally dispiriting effects, *aguardiente* is iconoclastic.

As Ramsden started down the lane, the little one, still hurling incisive Castilian anathemas at her hidden foe, began another fusillade, one of the bullets clipping off a twig above Ramsden's head; whereupon he accelerated his speed.

Crandall looked up from his novel, as Ramsden appeared, and was impressed by his unusually thoughtful mien.

"Say, Dick, she's a terror!"

"Who, the fair Señora? Yes—at least that was the qualified endorsement of one of her husbands. Been having a round-up?"

"One of them! Has she ever been married?"

"Her first was lynched at Albuquerque, and her second basely deserted her after she shot a hole through his hat or his ear or something, one day; probably afraid she would be careless sometime. She's a good girl, if she'd only let liquor alone."

"Why on earth did n't you impart these interesting little points of family history to me at first?"

"My boy, your imagination was geared up to a tension that forbade the proper reception of such hard facts. You would have insisted that those men were boors who did not sympathize with the varying moods of this child of sunny Spain, and who could not appreciate her plenitude of soul, or exalted sublimation of intellect."

"Does that dried-up little devil, her father, own any mines?"

"I believe not, although his personal claims vary with his stages of inebriety. I have heard him lay claim to all the mines in the Southwest. He seems to have been unusually modest the day you did business with him."



Ramsden drew from his pocket an ornamented cigarette case, studied it a moment, then threw it away and lighted a large, black cigar. He smoked in silence, and glared away to the North, where the dim, blue contour of the San Mateo mountains formed a wavy horizon. Intermediately he surveyed the fragments of an irreparably shattered dream.

He finished his cigar and rose up abruptly. "I don't like this country—got any note paper about here?"

"Find some in the top drawer of my desk in there."

The letter covered twelve pages. It was written with a stub pen, which admitted of broad underscorings, the emphatic crossing of t's and other generally acknowledged evidences of individuality. On the first few pages it referred to the writer as an unreasonable brute; later on, as a blind fool; and, finally, it expressed the contrite and earnest conviction that he had fully recovered his gentlemanly instincts and his intelligence. The personal pronouns "I" and "you" were prominent throughout.

When the hot-house beauty, who was quite a pleasing article in her way, received this letter, she exhibited lively signs of joy. This feeling, however, was not allowed to tinge her prompt and scented reply, which was brief and reserved, and left the erroneous impression that certain grave doubts still pervaded the writer's mind.



"And all those long weeks, away off in that horrid country—what were you doing?"

"All I *could* do was to think of you, and smoke—wonder whose heart you were breaking, perhaps."

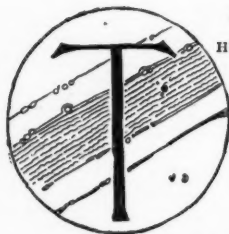
"Did you—stop it!—did you flirt any?"

"Flirt? What nonsense! No one there but greasers—that's what they call the Mexicans—and they are anything but alluring, I assure you. They eat garlic frightfully."

"You poor boy; \* \* \* \* \* we won't quarrel again, will we?"

## ART AND NATURE.

(A Small Boy's Reverie.)



THE SHEEP upon the sloping green  
Goes "bah" on nimble feet;  
The cow goes "boo," upon the scene  
With clover bright and sweet.

The dog goes "bow-wow" all the day,  
The kitty murmurs "mew,"  
The rooster in the garden way  
Goes "cock-a-doodle-doo."

The duck goes "quack, quack"—happy bird—  
While swimming, all elate.  
Alas! I cannot spell a word  
The pig to imitate.

In vain my pretty toys I seek—  
Duck, sheep and dog and cat—  
For Nature's voice—they only squeak,  
And squeak alike at that.

I think it quite ridiculous  
To hear my rooster chant  
Just like the hippopotamus,  
The goat and elephant.

I think these toys I like the best  
To play with in the hall,  
Should go like Nature when they're pressed,  
Or never go at all.

R. K. Munkittrick.



A HIGH PARTITION-FENCE is a great promoter of good feeling between neighbors.

JACK.—How will I ever get along when you go to the seaside?

MYRTYLLA.—Oh! I shall expect you to come down at least once a week to get re-engaged.

THERE IS some consolation in knowing that the world will never be as bad as some people think it is, nor as good as they think it ought to be.

## A SPECIAL INDUCEMENT.

MRS. OATCAKE.—Why, Jotham Oatcake! What on airth is the sense o' puttin' up them notices? They hain't been no fish into that crick fur twenty year.

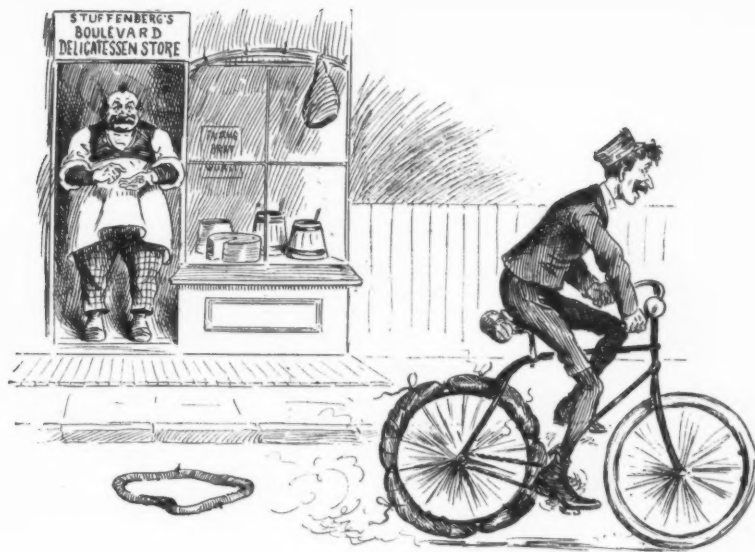
MR. OATCAKE.—I know that, 'Tildy; but we got to do suthin' to git Summer boarders; an' I guess exclusive fishin' privileges'll fetch 'em.



# A SATISFACTORY THING ALL AROUND.

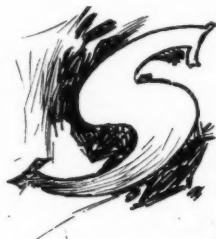


This is Mr. Sprockets, whose pneumatic tire has just given out, wondering how he is going to get home. In the background you observe Mr. Stuffenberg, wondering how he is going to get rid of that last string of sausages.



Here you have the result of a happy arrangement between Mr. Sprockets and Mr. Stuffenberg.

## HAPPY POSTAL CLERKS.



**SCENE.**—A stamp window. CLERK facing a long line of people which extends to the door. An elderly FEMALE, in antiquated dress, with several parcels.

FEMALE.—Well, I declare! I thought I never should get to the window; Maria said—

CLERK.—What is it you wish, Madam?

FEMALE.—To tell truth, young man, I'm jest that flustered and flurried I'm blest if I know; Maria said to me—

CLERK.—There are a number of people behind you, Madam.

FEMALE.—You need n't be troubling yourself to tell me that; if you'd been pushed like me you'd know right away there was somebody behind you. *(Laugh from a bystander.)*

CLERK.—Do you wish to have stamps for those parcels?

FEMALE.—Yes; let me see; I want two threes, three fours, two ones, a five, and a four, and a three.

CLERK *(handing out the stamps)*.

—Four fours, three threes—

FEMALE.—Stop! *(Pushing them back.)* I guess that ain't right. How much will this take?

CLERK *(after weighing)*.—Seven cents.

FEMALE.—Oh, you git out! a little thing like that! *(Murmurs from behind.)*

CLERK.—I must really beg, Madam.

FEMALE.—How long will it take to git there?

CLERK.—Twenty-four hours; but you are keeping those behind you waiting, Madam.

FEMALE.—What of it? Let 'em wait; I had to.

CLERK.—I must ask you to pass on; you are wasting my time.

FEMALE.—Why! ain't you paid by the week? *(Laugh from bystander.)*

CLERK *(to next in line)*.—What do you require, sir?

FEMALE.—No, you don't; *(threateningly)* I want my stamps—five threes, an' two ones, an' a four, an' a three; how much will that be?

CLERK.—Twenty-four cents.

FEMALE.—My sakes! all that for stamps!

CLERK.—Your stamps, sir. *(Hands them over.)*



## HIS FIT.

LARKIN *(who has made a night of it)*.—By Jove! There 's the only size of hat I can wear this morning.

FEMALE *(elbowed out of line)*.—You impudent young jackanape! I'll write to Washington—I'll have you turned off! Can't keep a civil tongue in your head, but have to be a bullyin' an' domineerin' an' mighty nigh swearin'! Well, I guess I'd better let Maria come after them stamps, anyhow. *(Exit.)*

G. P. H.

## NO TIME TO WAIT.

LAKER.—Madam, will you marry me?

MRS. PENNS.—You are the last man on earth I would marry.

LAKER.—Never mind, then; I did n't suppose there were so many ahead.

## WORKED THE OTHER WAY.

“Strange! Senex's hair used to be white, and now it's coal-black. Wonder whether he dyes it?”

“No; you see last year he slept in a haunted room, and his hair turned black in a single night.”

## AT THE ZOO.

KIDDER.—They say that animals are fond of music. What do you suppose their favorite air is?

BANKS *(with his handkerchief to his nose)*.—Certainly not pure air.

“YOU AND Downs are very chummy.”

“Why not? We were members of the same class at college.”

“What class?”

“The 142-pound class, middle-weights.”

CHRIS. CROSS.—Now, that you 've got a wife, what are you going to do with her?

MR. BROWN-JONES.—Try to satisfy my friends that I have not made a terrible mistake.

IF SPEECH were as golden as silence, we could settle the financial question by coining opinions.

CONSEQUENCES ARE what we expect other people to take when they don't do as we think they ought.

THE ABERRATIONS of the fixed stars can be calculated; those of women, never.



Only after persistent urging does Mrs. Flyleigh consent to lighten the pall of widowhood by chaperoning the Misses Gushington for the Summer months.



Throughout exciting tennis games she sits in the shade of a near-by tree, and converses decorously with various ornaments of the male sex.

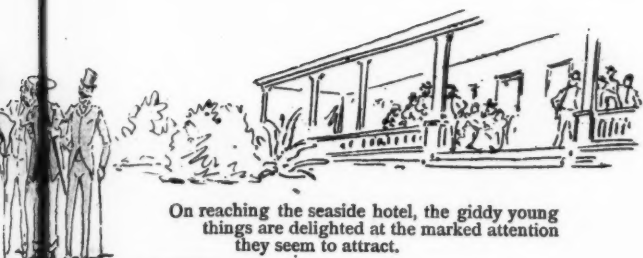


They wonderingly note that their appearance on the beach creates rather more of a sensation on the days when their protectress joins them.



During the indisposition of the young ladies, an enforced absence of her charges — and succeeds nobly in ratching tri





On reaching the seaside hotel, the giddy young things are delighted at the marked attention they seem to attract.



In the evening they dance industriously with all comers; while their stately Duenna modestly contents herself with the society of elderly dames.



She expresses a dislike for moonlight walks; but she acts upon the delicate hint from an elderly bachelor that it is hardly the thing for her charges to go forth unchaperoned.



Dismay of the Misses Gushington upon reading the announcement of the early marriage of Mrs. Flyleigh, just after their return to town. They never suspected such a thing, and decide that she is an odious creature.

On reaching the seaside hotel, the giddy young things are delighted at the marked attention they seem to attract.

## WASHINGTON NOTES.

(Special to the "Morning Howler.")

CLEVELAND called his extra session the day after Harrison said he thought the Sherman law ought to be repealed. If the country lives, it will owe its existence to our honored leader.

THE SILVER miners have threatened to suspend production. Thousands of men will be thrown out of employment. Thus the disastrous effects of the contemplated repeal of the McKinley Bill become more apparent every day.

IT is reported that a Tammany man will be appointed Collector of the Port of New York. This statement, which indicates the surrender of the President to the worst element of his party, is made on the authority of a distinguished Democrat who is so bashful that he hates to see his name in print.

THE INGRATITUDE of the President to the men to whom he owes his election, the old war-horses of the party, and his evident preference for the dilettante element are matters of notoriety. His determination to destroy the Hill machine received a striking manifestation to-day in the appointment of an Anti-Snapper to a fourth-class post-office at Hodd's Corners, New York.

I MET the President of the Cowboys' Republican League of Texas a day or two ago. He tells me that so great is the dissatisfaction with the Democratic administration in his section of the country, that he does not think, if an election were held to-morrow, Cleveland could carry Texas by over 175,000 majority. Thus are our prospects brightening.

THE PRESIDENT has called an extra session of Congress. Of course it can not possibly do any good. No Democratic legislation can do any good. But the country has brought this thing on itself. Meanwhile, the President goes off yachting, indifferent to the miseries of the people. Nero fiddled while Rome was burning. The HOWLER correspondent called on the Attorney-General to ascertain if Mr. Cleveland plays the violin, but could procure no information whatever. Thus are the operations of the government veiled under an autocratic indifference to the welfare of the people.

IT is noticeable that Cleveland has expressed no opinion concerning the pardon of the Anarchists by Governor Altgeld. Is it because he is an Anarchist himself, or a sympathizer with Anarchy—or does he owe his election to the support of the Anarchists in Illinois, or does he look forward to an unholy alliance of Anarchists and Mugwumps to secure his election in 1896? The readers of the HOWLER should not be hasty in their conclusions. The President is entitled to the benefit of every reasonable doubt. The proof of his guilt is not conclusive. Yet his silence is significant. The American people certainly have a right to know if he is in favor of throwing dynamite bombs into the midst of unarmed and unoffending multitudes. A postal-card from the HOWLER correspondent to the Secretary of the Treasury, asking if the President is an Anarchist, remains unanswered.

## A SUPERIOR BRUTE.

MAY BLUME.—I just love that man!

ROSE BUDD.—Why?

MAY BLUME.—Because he makes me believe everything I say is silly.

"HOW DOES that taste, Johnny?" asked the fond father, as he offered his small boy a sip of yellow chartreuse.

"First rate," replied Johnny, smacking his lips. "It tastes just like a drug store smells."

WE ARE all prone to make mistakes—and lay the blame on other people.

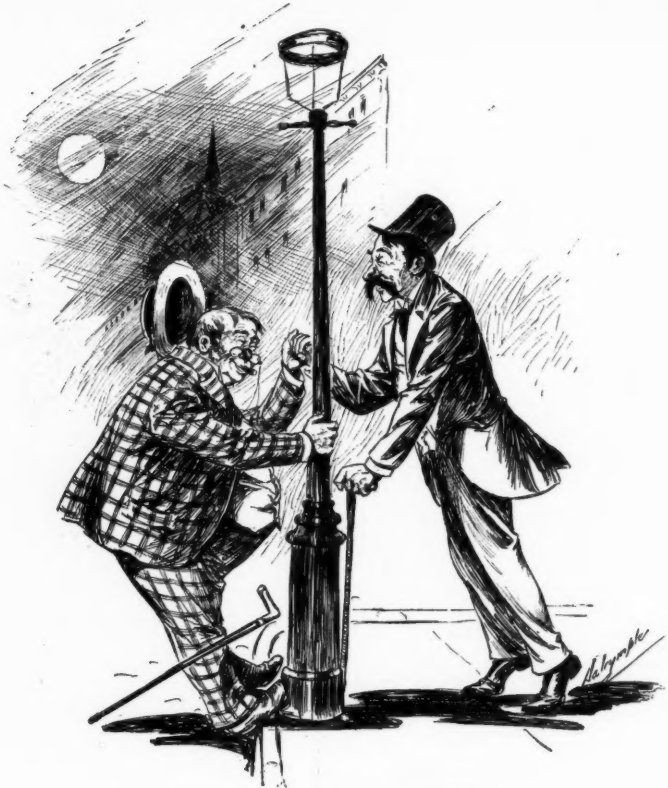
A FIRE TRAP.—The Fire Marshal's Buggy.



## AN UNPOPULAR IMPROVEMENT.

CLERK.—Now, these shoes have the improved shoe-lace—warranted not to come untied.

FAIR CUSTOMER (in haste).—Oh, put the old kind in them, please!



## A MIDSUMMER GREETING.

THE SHORT ONE } Hello } Tom } How longsh y' wife  
THE TALL ONE } } George } away for?

## QUITE A DIFFERENCE.

BAGSTER.—The Tammany Hall social circle will be quite as exclusive as the Four Hundred, only the means of entering it will be different.

JAGSTER.—How so?

BAGSTER.—It will require pull in place of push.

## A VALID EXCUSE.

IZZARD.—Hello, old man! back from the World's Fair? Thought you were n't going.

BIXBY.—Well, I changed my mind. You see, I wanted some new excuse to stand off my creditors for a few weeks.

## REFORM IN SIGHT.

TEN BOOK.—What would be the result if it were the custom for women to propose instead of men?

UNA LLOYD.—There would be fewer engagements and more marriages.

## SOME PERMANENCY.

CHATTY LAFITTE.—Parted forever? Why, I thought you were engaged for keeps.

TOM BARRY.—We were—she keeps everything I gave her.

HERDSO.—Did you read about Sullivan striking a one-armed man?

ANCIENT SULLIVAN ROOTER.—Yis; an' begob he kin lick anny one-armed man in the worruld.

THERE IS a great difference between making things hum and making things humdrum.

A WHIPPING-POST.—The Driver's Seat.



## ON SALARY DAY.



LAZILY dine in a café fine,  
I feast on the fat o' the land;  
With a prime ragout, and a  
bottle or two,  
And a waiter on either hand;  
The lamplight streams, and the  
silver gleams,  
And the glad world seems to  
say:  
"When pockets are tight, then  
hearts are light,  
And this is Salary Day."

The man on my right looks sad  
to-night,  
Yet lucky is he among men;  
Red gold he hives, a carriage he drives,  
Whilst I, — I drive a pen;  
He's a millionaire, but his scanty hair  
With worry is waxing gray;  
I pity him so! — he does not know  
The joys of Salary Day.

One long week through I have  
lived on stew,  
With lager in lieu of wine;  
And perilous pies that would fright  
the eyes  
Of the chef, where now I dine;  
The viands were tough, the wait-  
ers gruff,  
But my heart was always gay;  
When things went 'wry, oh, little  
cared I!  
I thought of Salary Day.

To-morrow, alas! my festive  
glass  
Must bubble with beer again;  
And pies and stews will give me  
the blues,  
But nothing shall I complain;  
For I'll fix my sight on an oasis  
bright,  
In the desert of scanty pay,  
And, hungry or fed, I'll sturdily  
tread  
Straight on to Salary Day.

So, here's a toast to that genial ghost,  
That week by week doth walk;  
Of all the good things that his ghostship brings,  
'Tis pleasant to think or talk;  
But ghosts must go, at the first cock-crow,  
And mine — heigho! — can not stay;  
So, with wistful eye, I'll bid him good-by  
'Till next week's Salary Day.

John Gerald Brennan.

## AN EXPLANATION.

SCHOOLMA'AM. — Now I want  
all the children to look at Tom-  
my's hands and observe how  
clean they are, and see if  
all of you can not come to  
school with cleaner hands.  
Tommy, perhaps, will tell  
us how he keeps them so  
nice.

TOMMY. — Yes'm; Ma  
makes me wash the break-  
fast dishes every morning.

SOME PHILANTHROPISTS  
are too eager to benefit  
people to take time to treat  
them with decent courtesy.



Then came the fruit-man back again  
To moan his loss of a dollar ten.



One hour later came another scene:  
He had his revenge — the fruit was gone.

## SUMMER PHILOSOPHY.

It is absurd to suppose that a love affair is one of the  
unavoidable evils of a Summer's outing. The trouble invari-  
ably begins with mistaking mutual tastes and sympathies for  
a grand passion. Confine your love-making to the morning  
hours and you will be safe. But, of course, you won't.

Between the blasé-looking man who has had an un-  
lucky affair and the nice boy with a cool million, the genuine  
Summer Girl never hesitates. In Winter she will choose the  
million. In Summer the romance.

No matter how platonic your affection may be, do not  
choose the rocks on a moonlight night to talk about it. The  
moon plays the very deuce with Platonism.

Men who start a flirtation to pass the time are un-  
reasonable mortals. If the girl falls in love with them they  
call her silly; if she does n't they term her conceited.

On the yachting excursion do not attempt to excel the  
funny man with the banjo. You will only suffer in conse-  
quence. Bide your time. Wait until night and get the  
pretty girl in a corner of the piazza. Then humor does not  
fit the requirements and you may be as serious as you like.

Richard Stillman Powell.

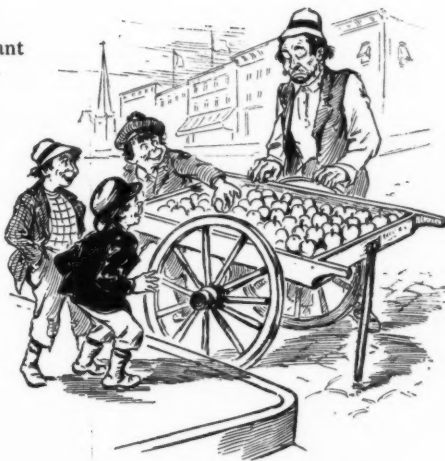
## THE LANDLORD'S OX WAS GORED.

CUMBACK. — I was a guest of the Colorado resort hotel  
which was held up and robbed by a lone bandit, not long  
ago.

STAYHOME. — What did the landlord do about it?

CUMBACK. — He roared unceasingly for two days about  
its being the worst breach of professional courtesy he had  
ever heard of.

## THE FRUIT OF REPENTANCE.



Three young ruffians planned to loot  
Old Martinelli of his juicy fruit.



One, as per plot, dashed off up the street;  
Two stripped the stand in a manner neat.

## A CHANGE.

STARVLING. — We've got  
a French cook at our board-  
ing-house now.

DUMPLING. — Notice any  
difference?

STARVLING. — Yes; the  
hash is served up as soup.

## ANCIENT.

"Is she old?"

"Old? She is the elder  
sister of a boy preacher!"

THERE USED to be an  
odd belief that to have  
a very good time meant to  
have a very bad eternity.

MOTTO FOR A DENTIST  
— Uneasy lies the root  
that wears a crown.

# A MIRROR OF THE GREAT FAIR,

that is what the **World's Fair Puck** really is. Of course you are going there, and so you want the **WORLD'S FAIR PUCK** now, and as long as it lasts.

10 cents a copy, of all Dealers.  
\$2.50 for entire term, (26 weeks).

Address:  
**PUCK, Jackson Park, Chicago, or Puck B'd'g, New York.**

IT

## Looks and Acts

Like an Expensive Watch.

Appearance, time and durability are all there, yet it costs only \$4 to \$15 in many styles;

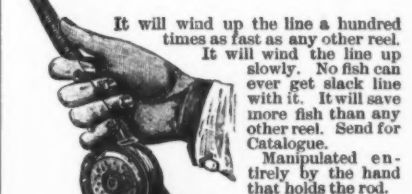
The  
Quick-winding  
Waterbury.

Your jeweler sells it.

51

"THE LITTLE FINGER DOES IT."

## Automatic Reel.



YAWMAN & ERBE,  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

N. B. — See exhibit in Fisheries Building, World's Fair.

In buying anything that is  
made of hard wood, you pay  
extra for the beauty of it.

That may be a dead loss, for  
the beauty can not last, unless  
the varnish is high grade.

Our "People's Text-Book" — sent free — will show  
you how to get the right varnish.

MURPHY VARNISH CO.,  
FRANKLIN MURPHY, President.  
Newark, Boston, Cleveland, St. Louis, Chicago.

"GENUINE" only with the signature of  
Justus von Liebig in blue  
ink across the Label, thus:

Justus von Liebig

It is almost unnecessary to add that this  
refers to the world-known

Liebig COMPANY'S

Extract of Beef.

For delicious refreshing Beef Tea.  
For improved and economic cookery.

If we could dissect one of our instruments in your presence, you would be astonished at the sum of perfection displayed before your eyes; not a flaw anywhere; leading features everywhere. You would concur with our statement that the **BEST** Piano made is the

139-155 E. 14th St.,  
New York.  
367 Wabash Avenue,  
Chicago.  
1108 Olive Street,  
St. Louis.  
306-314 Post Street,  
San Francisco.

# SOHMER

## Free Dark Rooms

at the World's Fair.

Every amateur photographer who attends the World's Fair will want a complete photographic record of his trip. To assist him in this we have erected a Free Dark Room Building within the Fair grounds and equipped it with every convenience for changing films and plates. Competent attendants will be in charge to make slight repairs—assist any Kodaker that may have trouble in working his camera, or replace any Kodak that is not in good order, with one that will work satisfactorily.

The use of the dark room and the attendance will be **absolutely free**. In short, we propose to help every Kodaker get full value for the \$2.00 which must be paid the World's Fair authorities for the privilege of making pictures on the grounds.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,

Send 5 cents for  
sample World's Fair  
View, 4 x 5.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

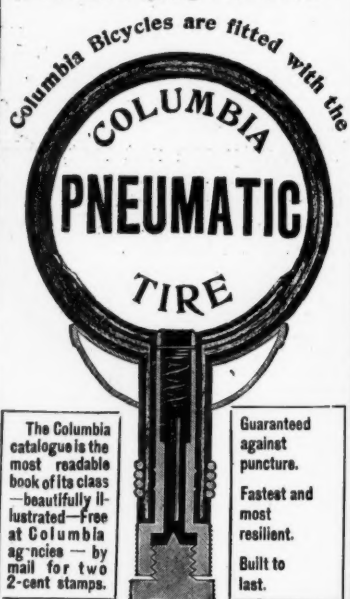
**CHAFING,  
Itching, Dandruff,  
PRICKLY-HEAT,  
and Odors from  
Perspiration,**

Speedily Relieved by

# Packer's Tar Soap

WARDS OFF CONTAGION.

"The ease of cycling is in the tire."



POPE MFG. CO.,

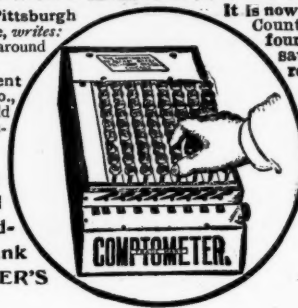
Boston. New York. Chicago. Hartford.

## The Great Arithmetic Machine.

Mr. C. I. Wade, Cashier Pittsburgh National Bank of Commerce, writes: "It does about two men's work around here."

Mr. Geo. L. Chase, President Hartford Fire Insurance Co., writes: "We feel that we could not dispense with it without causing us great inconvenience."

The Only Practical Adding Machine, and so good that fake adders are trying to bank on the COMPTOMETER'S reputation.



It is now in use in hundreds of Banks and Counting Rooms, and in the offices of four Governments. Insures accuracy, saves 60% of time and affords entire relief from mental strain.

The Comptometer is operated by Keys like a Type-writer. Performs Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication, Division, Interest, Percentage, Discount, etc.

Pamphlet Free.

Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co.

52 to 56 Illinois Street.

CHICAGO.

BRANCH: 54 Franklin Street,  
OFFICE: New York.



### IN THE WOMAN'S BUILDING.

MRS. WELLESLEY (to HUSBAND returning from investigating the cause of a great crowd).—Well, what is it they are so curious to see? Some woman's work?

WELLESLEY.—Yes; a rare curiosity. A woman sewing suspender buttons on her husband's trousers.—*World's Fair Puck.*

## La Flor De Vallens & Co. Incomparable Clear Havana Cigars.

THE  
BEST  
THAT



MONEY  
CAN  
BUY.

If your dealer does not sell this brand, we will send you a box, charges prepaid, containing 13 Cigars for \$1.25, \$1.50 and upward to \$6.00. These Cigars range in Price from 10c. to 50c. each.

EUGENE VALLENS & CO., 44 to 54 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

## BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS FOR THE HAIR AND SKIN.

An elegant dressing. Prevents baldness, gray hair, and dandruff. Makes the hair grow thick and soft. Cures eruptions and diseases of the skin. Heals cuts, burns, bruises and sprains. All druggists or by mail 50 cts. 44 Stone St. N. Y.

## POZZONI'S COMPLEXION POWDER IS

Universally known and everywhere esteemed as the only Powder that will improve the complexion, eradicate tan, freckles, and all skin diseases.

## BETTON'S PILE SALVE.

An old reliable and ever-helpful home treatment for piles, no matter how severe the case. It is as gentle as water, as soothing as balm, and quickly banishes the pain and torture of this distressing ailment. Betton's Pile Salve will cure piles of any type. A record of 50 years' success. At Druggists, or send 50 cents with name and address. Free by mail.

WINKELMANN & BROWN DRUG CO.,  
BALTIMORE, Md.

## HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS, PAPER WAREHOUSE.

No. 31, 33, 35 & 37 East Houston St.,  
BRANCH, N. E. cor. William & Spruce Sts., NEW YORK.

**KIRK'S**

Ladies Enjoy  
the use of

**KIRK'S  
JUVENILE**

because it is a pure,  
delightfully scented,  
free washing  
TOILET SOAP.

**SOAP**

## "EXPOSITION FLYER"

Is the name of the new 20-hour train of the

## NEW YORK CENTRAL

between New York and Chicago,—every day in the year.

This is the fastest thousand mile train on the globe, and is second only in speed to the famous

## EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS

whose record for two years has been the wonder and admiration of the world of travel.

The New York Central stands at the head for speed and comfort of its trains. A ride over its line is the finest one-day railroad ride in the world.

For a copy of the "Luxury of Modern Railway Travel" send two 2-cent stamps to GEORGE H. DANIELS, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

If ALL  
Wheels were  
as good as guaranteed

## RAMBLER BICYCLES

ALL  
Bicycle Riders  
would be satisfied.

All about Ramblers in the handsome catalogue—free at any Rambler Agency, or sent by mail for two 2-cent stamps. Gornully & Jeffery Mfg. Co., Chicago, Boston, Washington, New York.

## Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies

—OR—  
Other Chemicals

are used in the  
preparation of

W. BAKER & CO.'S

## Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely  
pure and soluble.

It has more than three times  
the strength of Cocoa mixed  
with Starch, Arrowroot or  
Sugar, and is far more eco-  
nomical, costing less than one cent a cup.

It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY  
DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Pickings from Puck,  
9th Crop, 25 cents.



If YOUNG men would climb the ladder of success as hard as they do the telegraph pole beside a ball ground, they would eventually amount to something.—*World's Fair Puck.*

AN OFFICIAL is a man who does mighty little Work and gets Lots of Salary; and an Employee is a man who gets mighty little Salary and does Lots of Work.—*World's Fair Puck.*

WHEN a man realizes that he can paddle his own canoe on the stream of life, he generally puts sails on it and takes it easy, steering.—*World's Fair Puck.*

#### From "American Publishers' Exhibits at the World's Fair."

In a conspicuous position near the north end of the Horticultural Building, stands a dainty little structure which is sacred to the printing-press. It was designed by Stanford White for PUCK, and it forms a delicate and beautiful note of color in the landscape. It is Italian Renaissance, and the square building, with its small oval windows, has a circular, porch-like entrance, painted red within and outlined with twisted columns. Below the railing which surrounds the roof, the walls are decorated with white garlands and Cupids modelled in relief. The familiar figure of PUCK himself stands hospitably over the porch, welcoming the throngs of people who pass between the curving pillars to pay him homage. The building is painted buff, the decorations being in white, and this delicate bit of color in the White City is grateful to the eye. Within the portals the WORLD'S FAIR PUCK, a periodical slightly smaller than the New York edition and entirely different in matter, is written, illustrated, edited, and printed under the eyes of the public. It is a miniature publishing house, complete in every detail and offering facilities for the study of processes unsurpassed in any other part of the Exposition. The interest in the building is so great that a regular line of march has been arranged so that the crowd moves constantly in one direction. The central portion of the main floor is occupied by the presses, of which there are seven, acting, apparently, with almost human intelligence. The process of printing colors from the stone is novel to most of the people who watch it, and the gradual transformation of the lithograph from black-and-white through the various colors, added one at a time, at different presses, to the completed picture, is extremely interesting. As one passes along the two galleries above these presses, on one's right are many small rooms in which the paper is prepared for publication. In this way the visitor has the privilege of watching the stone-grinding, the cutting of overlays, engraving on metal, wood and stone, the drawing with pen and ink on paper and with the brush on stone, mortising and proving, type-setting, the make-up department, the transfer press, and the system of chromo-lithography. The corners of the second gallery are occupied by the editorial and art departments, which are the only ones curtained from the public gaze. On the walls are many water-colors and pen-drawings by Keppler, Rogers, Oppen and others of the PUCK staff. The cutting, folding and stitching of the paper are done on the main floor, and it is interesting to watch the rapidity of the various machines and the dexterity of the manipulators. A pretty little reception-room with dainty furnishings is near the entrance, and throughout the interior the decorations are as felicitous as those on the outside of the attractive little building.—*The Critic.*



### "I Want

A SUIT OF CLOTHES and I want it very badly." Is this the burden of your song? Then hasten to Nicoll the Tailor who will take your measure and make it Quickly, or at your Leisure; at a Moderate Price, too.

Over 2,000 Styles of Summer Suits—best Foreign and Domestic; Serges, Cheviots and Mohairs.

Suits, \$20.00 up.

Trousers, \$5.00 up.

**Nicoll**  
The Tailor

145 & 147  
Bowery,  
New York.

**WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS** have enjoyed an unblemished reputation for excellence—for OVER HALF A HUNDRED YEARS—and are to-day the *only* shaving soaps—of absolute purity, with well-established claims for healing and antiseptic properties.



This view shows face—as shaved daily for years—with the famous WILLIAMS' Shaving Soap—always soft—fresh—bright and healthy. Not a sore or pimple in over 20 years of Shaving Experience.

"CHEAP" and impure Shaving Soaps—are composed largely of refuse animal fats—abound in scrofulous and other disease germs—and if used—are almost sure to impregnate the pores of the skin—resulting in torturing cutaneous eruptions and other forms of blood-poisoning.



This view shows the effect of being shaved ONCE with an impure—so-called "Cheap" Shaving Soap. Blood-poison—caused by applying impure animal fats to the tender cuticle of the face.

**MR. CHAS. A. FOSTER,**

34 SAVIN STREET,

BOSTON, MASS., writes:

"Never again will I allow a Barber to shave me unless I am *sure* he is using the only safe and reliable shaving soap made—namely **WILLIAMS'**. The other day—being in a hurry—I went into a shop near the Boston and Maine depot—to get a shave.

"I noticed a rank odor when the lather was put on my face, and asked the Barber if he used WILLIAMS' Shaving Soap. He said, 'No—I do not—because it costs a little more than other kinds.'

"A few days after this experience—my face was all broken out—terribly sore and smarting like fire.

"I consulted my Physician who told me it was a bad case of 'BARBER'S ITCH'—caused by the use of the Cheap Shaving Soap—containing diseased animal fats.

"I have suffered the worst kind of torture for two weeks—but I have learned a lesson."

# QU—?

Ask your Barber if he uses WILLIAMS'. Take no chances. Blood-poisoning—in some form or other is the almost sure result of using a cheaply made and impure Shaving Soap. While shaving—the pores of the Skin are open—and quickly drink in—any of the disease germs which may be contained in the diseased animal fats—so largely used in all "cheap"—inferior Toilet and Shaving Soaps. Ask for WILLIAMS'—and insist that you have it—and enjoy a feeling of SECURITY—as well as of comfort—while shaving or being shaved.

In providing for the safety and comfort of visitors—it has been officially ordered that

## WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS

shall be used **EXCLUSIVELY**—in all of the Barber Shops located on the Grounds of the World's Columbian Exposition. Thus **AT THE VERY START**—it receives the highest possible Honor.



### WILLIAMS' "JERSEY CREAM" TOILET SOAP.

Something new with us. The result of 50 years of costly and laborious experiment. Send for circular. A most exquisite—healing and beautifying toilet soap. Containing the rich yellow cream of our own herd of imported Jersey Cattle. A full size cake mailed to any address for 25c. in stamps. Do not fail to try it. Ask your Druggist—or send to us.—Address,

**The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.**

"WILLIAMS' SOAPS have for a foundation—over half a hundred years of unblemished reputation."

### A Foreigner's Opinion.

The proprietor of the great hotel in Berlin, the German capital, the one most affected by members of the imperial circle, lately traveled from here to Chicago by the Pennsylvania Road, and though under no sort of obligation, has written a letter commending in the highest terms the smooth and perfect working of the Pennsylvania system in all respects, saying that he has seen nothing superior in the world and intends recommending European railway managers to study it. This road, by the way, has lately emphasized the "uptown" tendency of everything in this city by transferring its chief offices to spacious and tastefully appointed offices at the corner of Broadway and Twenty-ninth street, which are themselves illustrations of the thoroughness of its system of business.

A SKYLARK—A Trip in the Captive Balloon.—*World's Fair Puck.*

### PROOF POSITIVE.

JACK POTTER.—What makes you think he is married?

BOB TAYLOR.—He refused to go near the Woman's Building.—*World's Fair Puck.*

THE gambling-house is a toothache in the head of society; but pulling does n't always cure it.—*World's Fair Puck.*

**FREE** A fine 14K gold-plated watch to every reader of this paper. Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these elegant, richly jeweled, gold finished watches by express for examination, and if you think it is equal in appearance to any \$25.00 gold watch, pay our sample price, \$3.50, and it is yours. We send with the watch our guarantee that you can return it at anytime within one year if not satisfactory, and if you sell or cause the sale of it we will give you One Fare. Write at once, as we shall send out samples for 60 days only. **THE NATIONAL M.F.C. & IMPORTING CO.,** 334 Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.

"PUCK'S LIBRARY" is Never "out of Print."

**YALE MIXTURE** It is the choicest Smoking Tobacco that experience can produce or that money can buy. **SMOKING TOBACCO**

**LEWIS G. TEWKSBURY, Banker, 50 Broadway, New York,**

transacts a general banking business.



Westward to the world's fair rushing  
In the crowded railroad train,  
Faces beaming, burning, blushing,  
With the heat that dulls the brain,  
Nausea and stifling feeling  
Travellers must there endure  
If they carry not the healing  
Bromo-Seltzer magic cure?

## KRANICH & BACH PIANOS.

Warerooms: 285 and 289 E. 33d St., N. Y.  
10 West 125th St., N. Y.  
OWING TO THE GREAT DEMAND FOR THESE CELEBRATED PIANOS, WE HAVE ERECTED A VERY LARGE ADDITION TO OUR FACTORY WHICH WILL ENABLE US TO MAKE 60 PIANOS PER WEEK.  
THESE INSTRUMENTS ARE UNEQUALLED AND ARE SOLD AT MODERATE PRICES.  
SOLD ON INSTALLMENTS AND RENTED.

## "BULLS-EYE" Best Camera Why?

No dark-room required.  
Uses "Light-proof"  
Film Cartridges.  
Simplest in construction  
and operation.  
Gives a larger percentage of  
good pictures to the inexperienced than any other.  
Costs only \$7 or \$8.

BOSTON CAMERA MFG CO.,  
380 TREMONT ST., BOSTON, MASS.  
Send for particulars.

Safe, Light, Handsome, Compact.  
EXTENDED AND FOLDED  
ACME FOLDING BOAT CO., MIAMISBURG, O.

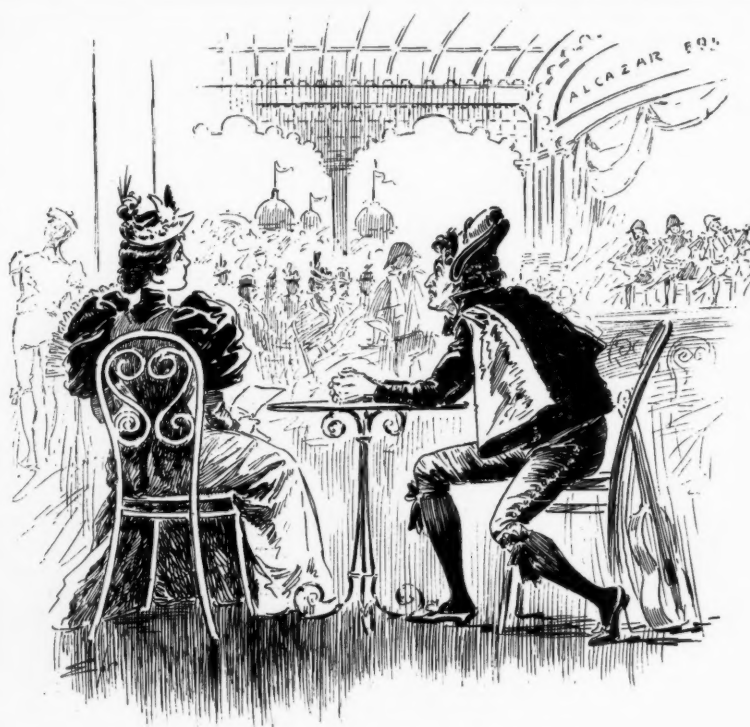
"Look you upon one leg and then on t'other."

## THE Boston Garter

IS THE ONLY ONE  
WORTH WEARING.

Sold Everywhere.

Won't bind, won't feel uncomfortable,  
won't let stocking down.



### ROMANTIC, BUT IMPRACTICABLE.

THE SPANISH STUDENT (declaring himself to MISS DEARBORN, of Chicago, whom he has met at the Fair).—Ah, Señorita mia! Only me permite to touch the guitar beneath your balcon!

MISS DEARBORN.—No, Señor, that would be of no sort of use. Our apartments are eleven stories up and I could n't possibly hear it.  
—World's Fair Puck.

Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne is splendid to entertain your friends with. Its bouquet and delicious taste is unrivalled.

"Now, let good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both," is a favorite toast after taking Angostura Bitters. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, M't'rs.

## HOTEL BRUNSWICK

EQUAL TO ANY IMPORTED CIGAR. We prefer you should buy of your dealer; if he does not keep them, send \$1.00 for sample box of 10, by mail to JACOB STAHL, JR. & CO., Makers, 168th St. and 3d Ave., New York City. Downtown depot, Surbrug, 159 Fulton Street.



## INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE

NO TROUBLE  
NO BOILING  
THE GREATEST INVENTION  
EVERY OF THE AGE HAVE IT.  
POWDERED. PUT UP IN ONE POUND TIN CANS.  
AND PUT IN ONE POUND TIN CANS.  
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,  
INVENTORS AND SOLE MAN'FS. PHILADELPHIA

## BOKER'S BITTERS

A Specific against Dyspepsia,  
and an Appetizer.

## ITS COMPETITORS OUTDISTANCED. ANHEUSER-BUSCH IN THE LEAD.



### At the World's Fair.

Anheuser-Busch Beer will hold the post of honor at the World's Fair, it having been so decreed. The edict is by authority of the Fair Directors, and the same has been communicated to President Adolphus Busch of the Brewing Association through President Ernest Sadler of the Columbian Casino Restaurant at the World's Fair grounds. Not only is the beer selected as against competition from Milwaukee, Toledo, St. Louis, New York, Chicago, and elsewhere, but the endorsement of superior quality is supplemented by an agreement to pay \$2 a barrel more for the Anheuser-Busch beer than for the next highest priced beer competing.

New York Depot, O. MEYER & CO., 104 Broad St.

# Pears'

Wholesome  
soap is one  
that attacks  
the dirt, but  
not the living  
skin. It  
is Pears'.

Wait for us, ready in June.

## TROKONETS.

The very best and most reliable hand-cameras ever made. No faulty rolled film, no glass plates to break; still glass plates can be used.

Film lies flat, development a pleasure.

Slightly touch the lever,  
and a picture is taken.

The loading of a TROKONET with 35 films is but the work of a moment.

Take a Trokonet with you to The World's Fair, and you can feel assured of successful pictures. All Photographic Dealers will sell them. Trokonet catalogue free on application.

## THE PHOTO MATERIALS CO.,

Manufacturers,  
ROCHESTER N. Y.

## URBANA WINE COMPANY Gold Seal Champagne

For Sale by

All Leading Wine Dealers  
and Grocers

Post Office: Urbana N. Y.

## PICKINGS FROM PUCK.

Crops 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9,  
25 cents each.



**HAWK-EYE,**  
**KAMARET,**  
**COLUMBUS,**  
**"THE 400."**

Recognized as **Leading Cameras** everywhere.

**FILM** is the reliable kind—the film that gives **SUCCESSFUL RESULTS.**

Sold by all dealers. Send for catalogue.

**THE BLAIR CAMERA CO.,** 471 Tremont St., Boston; 451 Broadway, New York; 245 State St., Chicago. Our Exhibit is Sec. E, Col. Q 101, Liberal Arts Building.

**E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,** New York, Trade Agents.

**SAVE MONEY**

The name to remember when buying a **BICYCLE** is **A. W. GUMP & CO.,** DAYTON, OHIO.

**\$30 to \$50** saved on many new and second-hand Bicycles. Lists free. Over 2000 in stock. Cash or time. Agents wanted.

**BARKEEPERS' FRIEND.**

For Polishing Bar Fixtures, Drain Borders, and all Tin, Zinc, Brass, Copper, Kitchen and Plated Utensils; Glass, Wood, Marble, Porcelain, etc. 25c. Lb. Box, at Dealers.

**GEO. W. HOFFMAN, Mfr.,** 295 E. Wash'n St., Indianapolis, Ind.

#### A THREAT.

"Now, Willie, if you don't behave yourself, I'll hire one of those gondolas for the sole purpose of getting the paddle to spank you with!"—*World's Fair Puck.*

"A FAIR exchange is no robbery," was the thought that comforted the Turk as he took two dollars for a forty-cent fez.—*World's Fair Puck.*

#### THE TWO COMMANDERS.

Said Dickens to Davis,  
"From toadies God save us."  
Said Davis to Dickens,  
"How snobbish sickens!"  
Then each one commanded,  
In terms that were pithy, a  
Dose before Breakfast,  
OF BUTTS' BROMO LITHIA.

For sale by all druggists; or send 10 cents in stamps for sample bottle and a B. B. L. Primer, to **E. A. BUTTS CO.,** 808 17th St., Washington, D. C.



#### CUMULATIVE EVIDENCE.

**MR. LAKEBREEZE.**—A generation ago, this town was little more than a big village and, within the memory of our young men, it has lain in ashes. You'd hardly believe it, would you, Count?

**THE COUNT.**—*Ordinairement*, no, Monsieur,—*ordinairement*, no; but, since feeble or seedy gentlemen me it have told—*que voulez vous?* how may I but believe it—*n'est-ce pas?*—*World's Fair Puck.*

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE **MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP** for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

**JOHN M. KEELER,**  
Merchant and Importer of  
Tailor and Woolens.

**SPECIALTY,**  
**\$15**  
**BUSINESS SUITS**

To Order Unequaled in America.  
Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Worth from \$10 to \$15 more than my price. Well made, **GOOD STYLE**, perfect in fit and **workmanship**. Not cheaply gotten up; strictly custom. Full instructions for self-measurement, together with **SAMPLES, FASHION PLATES and TESTIMONIALS**, mailed on application. (Mention this publication.)

**JOHN M. KEELER, 6 N. CALVERT ST., BALTIMORE, MD.**



#### Crying Babies.

Some people do not love Them. They should use the **Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk**, a perfect infant food. A million American babies have been raised to man and womanhood on the Eagle brand. Grocers and Druggists.

#### Summer Arrangement of Trains West Shore Railroad.

The new schedule over the West Shore Railroad contains the time of Parlor and sleeping car service of all the through and mountain resort specials.

Three fast express trains are included, running in both directions to Niagara Falls and the World's Fair City.

It also shows the time of three limited express trains to Catskill, and Adirondack Mountains, Saratoga, Lake George, and Thousand Island resorts.

The Wagner Palace Car Company have recently placed in service for use on these fast trains the most modern buffet drawing room and sleeping cars ever opened to the public.

Another departure worthy of note by business men is the Saturday half-holiday special, running to the heart of the Catskills without change, arriving in time for dinner, and a train returning arriving Monday at noon.

A night train with sleeping cars is also run Saturdays, connecting with the Ulster & Delaware Railroad, and a return train for New York leaving Sunday night.

**CANDY**

Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

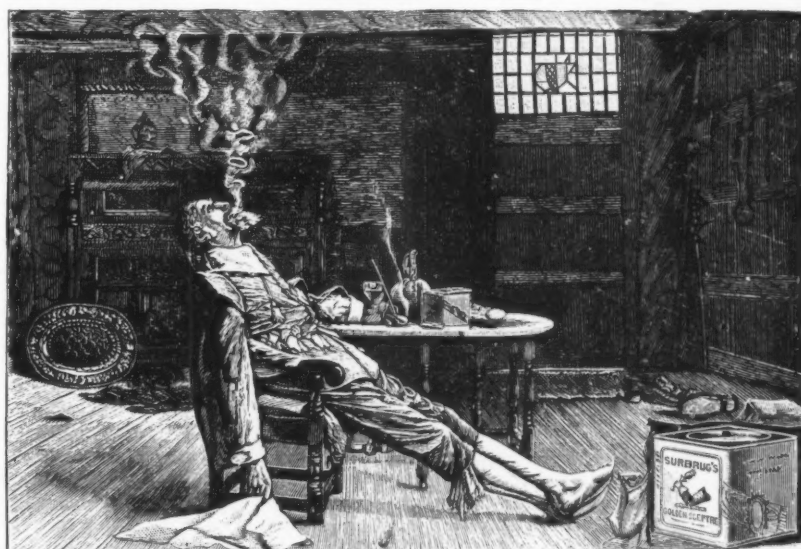
**C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,**  
**212 State St., Chicago.**

From Judge.



**OLD HAIR-SCARCE** (as others fill his glass).  
—Hold on, gentlemen! Less sherry and more "Londonderry" is the proper combination. Move the largest bottle up this way.

877



#### SURBRUG'S GOLDEN SCEPTRE.

If you are a Pipe-Smoker, we want YOU to try **GOLDEN SCEPTRE**—all the talk in the world will not convince as quickly as a trial that it is almost perfection. We will send on receipt of 10c. a sample to any address. **SURBRUG, 159 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK CITY.** Prices **GOLDEN SCEPTRE**, 1 lb., \$1.30; 1/2 lb., 40c. Postage paid. Send for pamphlet of our goods, giving list of dealers who handle them.

#### PUCK'S LIBRARY.

- 10c. per copy. \$1.20 per year.
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  - 72. **Hash.** Being Puck's Best Things About Feed and Feeders.
  - 71. **Steady Company.** Being Puck's Best Things About Keeping It.
  - 70. **On the Rialto.** Being Puck's Best Things About "Hams" and Hamlets.
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  - 68. **Lonelyville.** Being Puck's Best Things About The Place and The People.
  - 67. **Cash.** Being Puck's Best Things About Money Makers and Money Spenders.

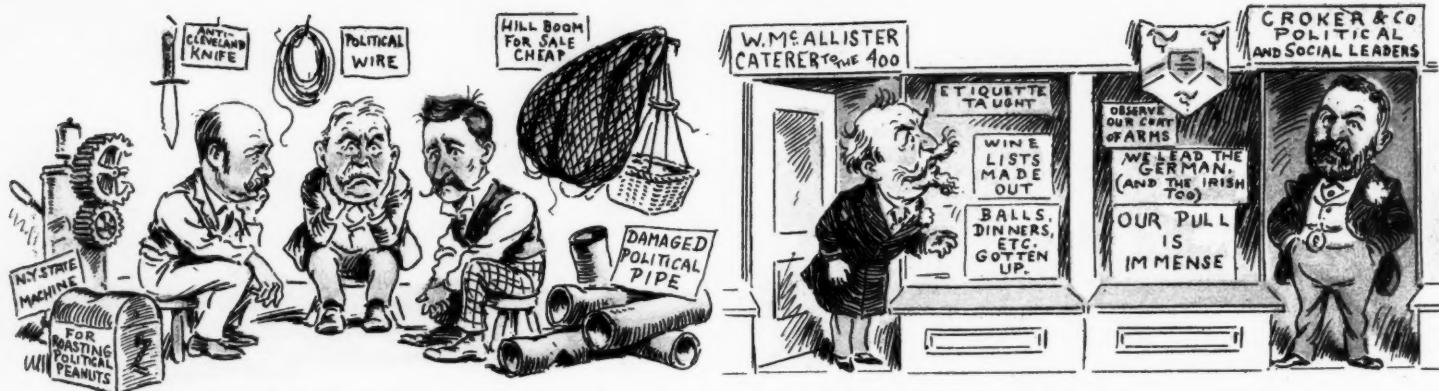
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- 60. **Them Lit'ry Fellers.** Being Puck's Best Things About The World of Pen and Pencil.
- 59. **Kinks.** Being Puck's Best Things About The Woolly Ethiop.
- 58. **Junk.** Being Puck's Best Things About All Sorts and Conditions of Men.

## World's Fair Visitors

are cordially invited to make the **PUCK Building**, which is located midway between the Woman's Building and the Horticultural Hall, their Head-quarters during their stay at the Fair, where everything is done to make them comfortable.

They can have their mail addressed in care of "**PUCK**," Jackson Park, Chicago, Ill., where it will be taken care of.

**Steel JOSEPH GILLOTT'S Pens**  
**THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.**  
NOW EXHIBITED AT THE  
**COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO.**  
Manufactures Build'g, Dept. H, Group 89.



The firm of Hill, Murphy, Sheehan & Co., political junk dealers, are reported to be in dire straits, owing to the extreme dullness of trade.

The old and popular house of W. McAllister, which has long had the exclusive patronage of the highest society, is threatened with serious competition by the new establishment of Croker & Co., Unlimited.



The well-known concern of Briggs, dealer in religious novelties, is at present in difficulties, but will probably soon resume business with increased patronage.

It is rumored that the Republican Issue Manufacturing Co. will soon be forced to make an assignment, owing to lack of new material.



Notwithstanding the crushing disasters of last season, "McKinley's Toy and Gimcrack Bazar" is again offering the same line of shopworn goods.



R. P. Flower, proprietor of "Flower's Barrel Headquarters and Depot for Political Supplies," has gone into the circus business.